

AN ORATIC.

Continued from first page.

where the living who were able to keep their feet, trampled the dead and dying, whose cries of anguish mingling with the crash and roar of musketry, the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the combatants made adieu whose overpowering horror is indescribable.

They stood beneath it on Maury's hill at Fredericksburg when assault after assault was made against their lines by as brave a set of men as ever shouldered arms, who were worthy of a better commander for under the blundering orders of Burnside they stormed the impregnable heights of Mary with such unflattering courage that they won the admiration, even of the Confederates themselves; and when they were finally forced to flee, they left more than six thousand of their number either dead or wounded at the foot of the hill.

The Confederate soldier followed that flag amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, when history tells you that the feet of combatants could not touch the ground for the prostrate forms of their fallen comrades; and when Stonewall Jackson fell whose men at his bidding would throw the road to death, as to a festival, and while the hungry earth was drinking up the most precious blood that has yet been shed upon the soil of the "Old Dominion."

The pale moon was looking down upon one of the saddest scenes that had greeted it during the many long ages it had hung round this planet. They saw it flutter in the gloom of the wilderness where the angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other and elbowed and fought, and rolled together in the bloody ruin. They rallied around it at Gettysburg and the sheets of fire and leaden hail, where it waives (in that crater of death) above the bayonets mixed and crossed on those dread heights of destiny.

They saw its faded colors flung defiance for the last time at Appomattox, and then go down forever in a flood of tears. Then who will upbraid them? What pusillanimous parrot! you durst not for dastardly he needs be will upbraid them if they sometimes bring it to light, sanctified and glorified as it is; by the blood and tears of the past and waive again in the air and sing once more their old war songs, or raise again that once so dreaded "Rebel Yell."

Young man I charge you speak not lightly of that flag, but hold it ever dear.

Place it among the archives of that war and guard it with filial reverence for to your fathers' ties endeared by ties you should not, must not tear.

From Bull Run to Appomattox the record of the valor and victories of the Confederate soldier and the skill and courage of their leaders is not surpassed in the history of the world.

They were an army that caused consternation not only in the camps of their enemies, but in the capitol of the U. S. They were an army at whose powers and endurance, enlightened christendom stood in breathless amazement.

They not only wrung praise from their adversaries but they extorted the admiration of the world, which made the wearers of the "gray jacket" heroes whose names will be a patent of nobility to their children to the latest generation.

Yea! the fame of the Confederate soldier is safe; he has won his lace, and history, the history of the world will keep it for him. His cause may be called the lost cause, but nothing that was best and noblest was lost, honor was not lost; high ideals of manhood were not lost; and thereby the rights of minorities, in all this nation will be safer in all the years to come, because southern statesmen expounded them in the forum, and southern man died for them on the battle field. But what I most desire to say to you today is, that there has never been any trouble since the war between the men who fought on the one side or the other—men who fought on either side, will long be remembered for their heroism and bravery, the men who met each other in so many deadly conflicts, but they belong strictly to the camp follower, the show patriot, and to the class, who in the beginning of the struggle, made incendiary speeches, parting upon their bourbon breasts and offering the last son, the last dollar, and if he needs be, the last drop of blood, rather than to submit to the demands made of us. And soldiers you know too well the sequel of such men for it to be necessary for me to reiterate it now.

This I say is the class, and the only class that today see no use in our reasons, nor any good to result from them, show me a man who is continually spitting out the trial of Grant Cochran for the killing of Lundy Perry is set for the 12th of July at Lewisburg. L. M. McClinton and Col. R. S. Turk represent the defendant.

AN ANGEL IN A TENEMENT HOUSE.

BY H. S. KELLER.

It had been a pretty hard winter for Mrs. Brown, the little widow who lived away up under the roof of the little tenement house in the back court. With three mouths to fill, not counting her own—for she thought of the children first—she had high and hard to get, rent and clothing, and now and then some medicine, the spring brought her but slight consolation when she saw her last five dollars go to the agent for the landlord. She turned wearily to the pile of clothes on the table and said to herself:

"It must be done, so Joe can take it home when he comes from school. The money will help us out a little. Oh, dear! I am so tired."

She pressed her hand to her brow before spreading out a skirt with fine ruffling and dainty trimming, while her eyes dimmed with the pain that throbbed back of them. She applied the hot iron, and stopped for a second as a sharp pain darted through her side, almost taking away her breath. Lifting the iron quickly she gave a gasp; the pause, slight as it was, was fatal to the pretty skirt. A brown scorch tells the story. It was too bad, and the tired little woman sat down and cried, and she could not help it; the sharp pains which she had suffered of late had made her weak, and the tears flowed easily.

"It is too terrible! I do not know what to do. The lady will be so angry, for it was such a fine skirt. But I must hurry and finish the rest."

Again she plied the iron and worked as rapidly as she could; the more swiftly she ironed the more intense the pains grew. With a great effort she finished the work, and the pieces were folded and placed in the basket with the scoured skirt on top. Then she sank into a chair, pale and gasping, and when the three little ones came in she was scarcely able to speak or move.

"Oh, mamma, are you sick?" cried Joe, the bright-eyed boy of 12, hastening to her side, followed by the girls, both younger than he.

"Y—yes, dear; go with the basket to the lady's home, Joey. I am sick, dearie, so sick. Tell—tell the lady that I—I scorched one of the skirts, but I will—will make it good when—" Her head fell back and her eyes closed. The children were scared and began to cry; but Joe pulled the chair close to the bed, and with the help of the little girls got his mother upon it. Then he ran downstairs for Mrs. Murphy, who lived in the basement, and who was his best friend in the tenement house, because he had always been good to her Patsey, the boy who died a couple of months before.

"The poor little mother! She's fainted—and I don't wonder, by. She don't eat half enough to keep the life in her little body. Run for the doctor, quick, sonny."

When the doctor came Mrs. Brown had revived and was sitting up, pale and weak.

"Nourishment, my dear woman, is what you need; soups, meat, and a little good wine—and lots of rest; above all things, rest. If you follow my instructions you will come out all right."

"That's right, doctor, dear; but it's purty hard work for a poor lady like me friend to stop for rest when she hasn't got the time, you see," uttered Mrs. Murphy, with a toss of her head.

"No, doubt, no doubt. But this lady must have rest, must have good nourishing food or—she will not need either soon," said the doctor, as he made up some powders. Little Joe, in the meantime, seeing that his mother was in good hands, had gone away with the basket. The doctor drew on his gloves and looked from Mrs. Murphy to Mrs. Brown as he hesitated with his hand on the door-knob. The quick Irish sense of the good lady who lived in the basement took in the situation at once, and she said, as she put her hand under her apron: "Don't bother about having a bill broke, Mrs. Brown; it'll delay the doctor. How much is it, kind sir?"

"One dollar."

"It's worth it, sir; here you are, and thanks to you for your kindness," uttered the fine old woman, as she handed out a bill and bowed.

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the medical man from the room with an air that would have graced a lady of high degree. Before turning again to the pale-faced little woman in the chair, Mrs. Murphy wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. Why should this no one knows but she, and you and I—and, of course, God. She was a hard-worked woman, who had spent more time with her eyes to the floor than she had with them lifted to the sky where the clouds float, and where the stars twinkle. Only Mrs. Murphy, a scrub-woman, with a back bent almost like a bow; with hands warped and distorted out of shape by toil, hard toil. But she was an angel—God bless her! And God keeps her goodness close to the right side of His good book. He never overooks such as she, though the puny parasites that deem themselves far above her pass her by without a single thought, and would scorn to touch the hand so worn and distorted. Though mortals may forget her, God never does.

Mrs. Murphy was standing in the lower hall when little Joe returned. There were tears in his eyes and he paused before starting up the stairs.

"Back, Joey, me bye?"

A whimper was the only response. She reached out her hand and drew the boy into her room.

"Crying, Joey? What's the matter, sonny? Don't cry, dearie; how like me Patsey you look. The lamb ever had tears in his eyes. Joey, what's the matter?"

The boy with the empty basket dangling from his arm said, sadly: "The lady said my mamma was a wretch for spoiling her pretty skirt."

"What, and your poor mother almost dead with work?"

"I told her how sorry mamma was, and that she would make it all right when she could work—"

"And what then?"

"She threw the clothes on the floor and jumped on them—"

"For the love of God! And the likes of her lives on the high-toned avenue!" And Mrs. Murphy threw up her hands in horror.

"And then she pushed me out—"

"But the pay for the work?"

"She said the skirt was spoiled and that she would not pay for doing the work."

"Curse her!" Sharp and clear the two words fell as Mrs. Murphy stood there with one hand uplifted. Then her eyes fell upon the scared face of the boy, and a softness came over her face as her hand fell to her side again, and she uttered, in a different tone: "I take it back. What has the likes of me, me a common scrubwoman, to judge that woman, when God will do it all in His good time? Bye, you can kape the secret between you and me?"

"If you say it is right, Mrs. Murphy."

"It is right—because yer mother must not worry, and she must dive and get strong and well."

"I will do as you say, you are so kind."

"Here, me bye, is the one-fifty. Run up and cheer the good lady."

After pushing the boy from the little room she fell upon her knees and prayed to the good Lord to forgive her for tempting one of His lambkins to do wrong. "But he was so good to me little Patsey that's gone—me darling, he heart's core, my lamb! I may be doing wrong, good Lord, I may be doing wrong! The priest will tell me to-morrow all about it. I don't want to do wrong, good Lord. But he loved me Patsey so!"

The next morning when the old scrubbing woman emerged from a tiny nook in a small church over which the cross shone her face was shining and bright. There was no sign of wrong-doing upon it, and as she lifted her eyes to the sky she made the sign of the cross upon her breast and went her way with never a thought of doubt. Whether Mrs. Murphy did wrong or not I cannot say. Can you? Her little weekly offerings—the great secret between her and Joe—tided over tnings, and later the family up under the roof were able to see better days and to go away. As for Mrs. Murphy, she still scrubs on and on—to her path of glory. It will be near to God's throne, though some of us may not think she took the proper way to get there. God is the judge—not weak mortals.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"Oh! Mrs. Murphy, what would we do without mamma?"

"Hush, dearie, and don't cry, above all. The wash and ironing is one dollar fifty—big figgers; but yer mother was an artist wid the hot iron for them fine rufflings and tucks. Yer mother must think that the lady was very sorry.

Yer mother must think that the lady sends the one dollar fifty here each wake; do ye see?"

"I—I don't know."

"You must know. Yer mother

will come out all right."

"That's right, doctor, dear; but it's purty hard work for a poor lady like me friend to stop for rest when she hasn't got the time, you see," uttered Mrs. Murphy, with a toss of her head.

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Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to give it up for a time. My strength was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore.

The doctor pronounced it Bright's disease and other complications. I was a shattered little thing what they called it and I had no desire to live.

A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

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